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THE WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Rain is probable, with variable winds.

THE NEED FOR ARBITRATION.

Every hour makes the necessity of arbitrating the coal strike more apparent. Hourly the cloud that hangs over the prosperity and the peace of the country grows greater and blacker. What was at first only a strike of certain miners threatens now to develop into a general labor war, in which a million men will be idle and the already disturbed relations between social classes will be still further and more dangerously embittered.

That such a war can be fought with nothing worse than hard words it is idle to expect. There are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of men discussing the prospect to-day and planning for the futures of their wives and children, who will be battered and bloody corpses four weeks hence if civilized methods of settling the dispute be not adopted in time. Already the lesson of lawlessness is being taught on a great scale by the railroads, which have begun publicly to seize the coal intrusted to them by their customers. The strikers at Franklin, Ohio, have appointed a committee of two hundred to see that the men in a certain mine stop work. A committee of that size portends something more than moral suasion. The air throughout the coal regions is charged with electricity, and it is not pleasant to think of what may happen if the flash is let loose.

A tribunal of arbitration would be a lightning rod that would conduct the threatening current safely to the ground. Nothing is needed to insure the creation of such a tribunal but the consent of the operators. The strikers have pledged themselves to submit their case to arbitration and abide by the result; Bishop Potter, who more than any other man in the country possesses the confidence of both sides in the controversy, has expressed his willingness to cut short his European tour and accept a position as arbitrator, and President McKinley has declared that if requested by both employers and workmen he would be ready to take action. Everything waits for the operators to give the word.

This country has outgrown the stupid inhumanities of "labor war," with its brutal repression on one side and [illegible]ckless excesses on the other. It believes that the [illegible]s come for the adjustment of the relations between [illegible]rs and employed on the basis of justice and mu[illegible]d will rather than on a compromise between hunger and the greed for profit, with hatred over all. The coal strike covers too much ground and affects every man's home too nearly to be overlooked or treated as a matter of merely private interest. It is of as much public importance as the session of Congress, and it can no more be allowed to run its course without interference than two States could be permitted to settle a boundary dispute by mobilizing their National Guards and repelling all suggestions of compromise.

The sooner the operators agree with the miners to ask President McKinley to appoint a tribunal of arbitration the sooner prosperity for everybody will be in sight.

TREES IN CITY STREETS.

In the hottest of the midsummer heat the Herald cruelly calls upon us to "contrast the bare and glaring aspect of our principal avenues under the rays of the torrid July sun with the tree-shaded main thoroughfares of Paris and other great cities." The odiousness of the comparison will be conceded even by people who have never been out of New York, and who think Fifth avenue's fenced-in Sahara the utmost that can be achieved in the way of a midsummer promenade in an American city.

But there was lately a chance to begin the work of shading Fifth avenue. Not by encouraging the Tree Planting Association, as our contemporary suggests, for to plant trees in Fifth avenue now would be as futile endeavor as it would to set out mushrooms in a cinder heap. The soil of Fifth avenue, like that of most of our streets, is fit for no vegetable, and when its surface is stirred up the atmosphere it pollutes is fit for no human being either, as many who have inhabited that fashionable thoroughfare during its evisceration this year have learned.

Trees thrive on the Paris boulevards because gas pipes there are laid in conduits, and the leakage from them does not pollute the ground and make it unfit to support vegetable life. Trees die in our thoroughfares because the soil, thanks to the gas companies and the bad methods of city regulation, is more fit for illuminating purposes than for agriculture. General Collis had an opportunity to remedy this evil when Fifth avenue was torn up, but neglected it. The opportunity is not likely to occur again soon, and until it does tree planting in Fifth avenue—unless each tree is provided with a cemented pit—will be wasted energy.

CAN THE TRUST BE TAXED?

Secretary Gage's proposition to secure for the Treasury by an internal revenue tax the $15,000,000 of unearned increment accumulated by the Sugar Trust on its importations of raw sugar under the present tariff does not appear to have alarmed the Trust. Mr. Willett, of Willett & Gray, is quoted in the Evening Post as ridiculing the idea that such a tax could be made to stick on the shoulders of the refiners. "The result of this plan," he announced, "would be that the price of sugar would go up sufficiently to indemnify the refiners for the amount of tax paid out. This result could not be averted by the importation of more sugar from abroad at the lower cost which the passage of the act would have brought about, because the amount needed could not be got immediately from abroad, and hence the raw sugars here would have to be refined, the tax paid and the price raised."

If these statements were well founded the need for some radical measures to curb the rapacity of the Sugar Trust would be more evident than ever. If the Trust can raise the price of sugar by a cent a pound to recoup itself for an internal revenue tax, of course it can make the raise just as well without the tax, in which case it will be that much further ahead. Secretary Gage proposed to levy the tax only on the sugar imported before the passage of the new Tariff bill, amounting to about 750,000 tons. But as there cannot be two prices for identical articles in the same market, the rise in price which Mr. Willett predicts would have to cover all the sugar the Trust had for sale, whether imported before or after that date. That would reach about 2,000,000 tons in the course of a year, representing an aggregate increase of $40,000,000 in the price. That would leave a tidy little margin over the $15,000,000 Secretary Gage would like to recover for the Government by his proposed tax.

Merely as an evidence of good faith, the Trust has given a little illustration of the possibilities in this line by advancing the price of refined sugar one-eighth of a cent a pound. That is a small matter, but every eighth of a cent is equivalent to $5,000,000 on the annual consumption of the country. The price of granulated, 4⅞ cents per pound, is now 1⅜ cents above the price of the 96-degree centrifugals chiefly used as raw material. This is the largest difference known in years, and leaves a net margin of profit of at least three-fourths of a cent a pound, or $30,000,000 a year—equivalent to a return of 40 per cent on the watered capital of the Trust.

Nevertheless, it is hardly credible that Mr. Havemeyer can raise the price of sugar to an unlimited extent by his own unchecked will. Even his well-tested philanthropy, we fear, would hardly be proof against the temptation to exercise such a power, if he possessed it, and the fact that sugar is still within the reach of persons who do not own cottages at Newport and read the Evening Post is pretty good evidence that there is a limit to the power of the Trust. If Mr. Havemeyer cannot advance prices indefinitely, it may be possible to fasten Mr. Gage's tax upon the Trust in such a way as to prevent its transfer to the consumer. If he can, the duty of reducing the protection that gives him such a dangerous power becomes all the more urgent.

THE MAYOR AS A PHILOSOPHER.

In an entertaining interview Mayor Strong has taken the public into his confidence regarding his conceptions of local statesmanship. The results, as might be expected, are more or less startling. The Mayor emphatically announces his adhesion to the principle of non-partisan government, and declares that "there is not one single particle of business done under a city government that should be reviewed from a political standpoint." Recalling the fact that the avowed principle on which Mr. Strong organized his own administration was that of dividing up the offices in proportion to the number of votes cast for himself by the different organizations that supported him, a tourist from Mars might imagine that he had encountered a remarkable case of conversion and repentance. But it is evident that there has been no change in the Mayor's views. He holds the same unique conception of non-partisanship that he has held throughout his official career. Here is his artless explanation of the meaning of that recondite term:

When I went into the Mayor's office and began to think of appointments I made up my mind that the first thing for me to settle was what non-partisanship meant. It couldn't mean that I should appoint to office men who were absolutely without politics, for there are none—none that I would appoint, anyhow. Where, then, was the line to be drawn? It grew to be a bothersome question, but the more I thought of it the more I realized that I had to make up my mind irrevocably on that point before I made a single move under the Power of Removal bill. I asked men like James C. Carter, Joseph Larocque, Newbold Morris, Elihu Root, Joel B. Erhardt, William B. Hornblower and several others what they thought of it. We finally determined that to name two Republicans and one Democrat on a board of three Commissioners would be fair, as Republicans gave two-thirds of the votes.

It was non-partisanship to recognize all the elements that contributed to my election, for it helped to show them that they could vote for a Republican to sit in the Mayor's chair and be fair to Democrats.

Of course, if "it was non-partisanship to recognize all the elements that contributed to" the Mayor's election, the non-partisan quality of this recognition would have been equally manifest if there had been only one such element. If, for instance, Mr. Strong had received only the Republican nomination, he would have held that the principle of non-partisan government required him to appoint none but Republicans to office.

When Mayor Strong was president of the Central National Bank he doubtless carried out his non-partisan policy with exemplary thoroughness. If a young man applied to him for a clerkship he responded: "Which one of the elements that contributed to my election do you represent? The Morgan interests already have the cashier and the paying teller; the Goulds have been recognized by the appointment of a receiving teller, but I owe the Ickelheimers something for their votes, and if you represent that element you may be entitled to a position as bookkeeper."

If the Mayor's definition of non-partisan government be generally prevalent among the public, it is hardly surprising that the non-partisan idea has not attained greater popularity.

DOCTORING THE TENEMENTS.

The Good Government clubs are entitled to great credit for their efforts to ameliorate the condition of the dwellers in the tenement houses of New York. We credit them with an intelligent understanding of the fact that nothing they are doing is in the direction of a positive cure for the evils of the slums, and we compliment them upon all they have accomplished in the way of a palliative.

This is considerable. They have compelled the vacation of ninety-four tenements. They have forced 3,045 people to seek new and more sanitary homes. They have led the Board of Health to suppress bakeries and other dangerous trades in the basements of tenements. All this was well done.

Yet it is perfectly clear that work of this sort, commendable though it is, cannot be the ultimate solution of the tenement house problem. To lessen the number of tenements and increase the number of people seeking quarters—both of which the Good Government clubs' committee has done—increases rents. The logic of that is as remorseless as fate. Increased rent in these days of pinched incomes means overcrowding, recourse to the cheapest and most unsanitary of the tenements which have escaped the eye of the inspector. By the time the 3,000 evicted from fetid rookeries this year have again found roofs for themselves there will be 3,000 more in as bad state as they.

A police force is not a cure for crime, charity is not a panacea for poverty; sanitary regulations will never abolish the evils of the tenement house, though they may mitigate them. The cure can be effected only by removing the cause of the evil.

Now it is the Board of Aldermen that is robbing the Chicago people. The Aldermen and the Illinois legislators have evidently agreed upon a working schedule for making Chicago life one long awful burden.

Hon. John G. Carlisle has been elected a delegate to a Kentucky convention. The convention of the Kentucky Democrats was held some time ago.

In order to get a fair idea of the versatility of this country one has but to read the weather reports.

When it comes to the work of clearing up murder mysteries it is the hit newspaper that yelps.

Baroness Blanc's small alimony indicates a decided slump in the title market.

The Sultan is preparing for peace by getting ready for war.

[illegible]e" Wilson Miss Garrison.

GOSSIP is ever persistent. Months ago it was unauthoritatively stated that "Dickie" Wilson was engaged to Miss Katherine Esther Garrison. To-day not only does gossip return to this social morsel, but information from a source that commands attention reaches me that these interesting young people are really to be married.

"Dickie" Wilson, as all the fine world knows, is the only unmarried child of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson.

That "Dickie" would one day make a brilliant match has never been doubted by people familiar with the matrimonial history of the Wilson family.

When his older brother had married an Astor and his sisters had found husbands in the Goelet and Vanderbilt families, it was written in the book of Fate that "Dickie" would also draw a grand prize from Hymen's lottery.

Newport is always on the qui vive for affairs de coeur. It knows the signs that mark the matrimonial sky, and it seldom reads them wrong.

Therefore the formal announcement of the engagement of these two young people may be expected at any time.

And no one can say that they will not be well mated. "Dickie" is an affable, genial young gentleman, some ten years out of Columbia, and, therefore, well past the pin-feather period of worldly inexperience.

Miss Garrison is handsome, accomplished and rich.

Both are popular, and both adorn the same exclusive social circle. What more could Cupid desire? What more could Hymen demand?

But gossip does not stop with the adjustment of the matrimonial future of "Dickie" Wilson and Miss Garrison.

It has undertaken to marry off dear old "Lissie" Stewart, and is connecting his name with that of Miss Blight, sister of the pretty girl that Willie Thompson is to marry.

But I can't stand for "Lissie." When I reflect that it is now twenty-one years since he was graduated from Yale and that gossip has been unsuccessfully culling the garden of girlhood for him through all that time, I must abandon him as a hopeless bachelor.

The stork is a cunning bird.

While the newspapers were chasing him night and day and reporting that he had perched on this chimney or that, he flew away so quietly to the household of James Abercrombie Burden, Jr., that only the family connection knew of his visit.

The wedding of James Abercrombie Burden, Jr., and Florence Adele Sloane was as fine as we have ever seen. If the news from Lenox is correct the new-born boy is fit fruition of such a union.

Mrs. Astor has returned to Newport and will entertain a small company at dinner at Beechwood to-night.

As usual, on Mrs. Astor's annual appearance in the City-by-the-Sea there is a lot of fool talk about "the return of the queen" and "the signal for the starting of the social machinery."

Mrs. Astor is a fine old lady and worthy of the affection and the high esteem in which the world of fashion holds her.

But she is no queen. The day has gone when that term could be applied to any one in either Newport or New York.

If Mrs. Astor were to retire from social activity New York would still be just as gay and Newport just as pretentious.

Mr. Isaiah Townsend Burden is too prominent in the top layer of society's strawberry basket to be printed either "Isaac Townsend Burden" or "J. Townsend Burden," as happens all too frequently in my contemporaries.

For the further benefit of the careless and the ignorant who are making it their business to write of the successful campaign which Mrs. Burke Roche is conducting at the Cedars, her father's Newport villa, I will state that that beautiful and accomplished woman uses neither a hyphen nor an "a" in signing her name.

It is such little accuracies as these that mark the distinction between the chappie inside and the fellow that looks through the window.

Hollywood is beginning to turn its attention from pigeon-shooting to its annual horse show, which will be opened on August 12.

The Hollywood horse show has become the star function of Long Branch, and an attempt will be made this year to make it starrier than ever.

Long Branch has the horses and the 'mazoumah." Why shouldn't it have the star show?

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer are at the head of a movement to give a Newport performance of the operetta "Priscilla" in aid of a charity that it supported by the Nina Circle of the King's Daughters.

If I am not mistaken "Priscilla" was written several years ago by Thomas Pearsall Thorne, and has never risen above the dignity of a charitable performance, although the young composer spent a small fortune on librettists and otherwise in a vain effort to make "Priscilla" a theatrical success.

Nevertheless Newport should be interested in the performance of the operetta, if for no other reason than to see what sort of music a simon pure chappie can write.

Jack Astor has exactly the right idea of how to go a-fishing.

He has planned to go off on his splendid yacht, the Nourmahal, with Mrs. Jack and her sister, Miss Willing, and Miss Blight and Wintie Rutherfurd.

This almost duplicates the party that sailed up the Orinoco last Winter, and may be the means of reviving the rumor of an engagement between Miss Blight and Mr. Rutherfurd.

If it does it will cause only a smile of incredulity, just as the first rumor did. Cupid doesn't empty his quiver in any such way aboard the Nourmahal.

Whatever else Brighton Beach may have done yesterday it clearly outshone Sheepshead Bay in the display of gentlemen jockeys when it got up a race between "Foxie" Keene, Arthur White and young Barney.

Of course, "Foxie" won. Not only was he the best horseman, but he had the best horse.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Fashion Item.

[Atchison Globe.]

When a man goes home these hot nights he has to sit around in the same hot clothes he wore all day until bed time. A woman throws off everything and throws on one thing, a Mother Hubbard. When the men finally get their rights, they will have Mother Hubbards to throw on.

DALE AT THE LONDON 'ALLS.

The Vaudeville Favorites Pegging Away at the Same Old Brand, Vintage of Noah. Shrieking Victoria.

By Alan Dale.

LONDON, July 4.—This article will not be in the least Christopherian. I've discovered nothing, although I have tried hard to explore. I've said to myself, "Old boy, imagine you are Bial, hunting for talent. Pretend you are Hammerstein, craving novelty." Consequently, I have toured the 'alls under the most sublimely false pretences.

As I write I have before me the lists of attractions I have seen at the Alhambra, the Empire, the Tivoli, the Palace, the Pavilion, the Royal and the Marylebone. All these resorts have been jubing so vigorously—shrieking Victoria with such extreme pertinacity that mere novelty has been slighted. England has been recalling 1837 so furiously that it has forgotten the trifling fact of 1897. And I will say right here that the London comedians fit themselves into the former date much more readily than they do in the latter. Dan Leno, George Robey, Arthur Roberts, Dutch Daly, R. G. Knowles and Herbert Campbell are all like the relic of a former age's humor brought suddenly into 1897.

All these gentlemen peg away at the same old brand, vintage Noah, and London likes it. You really can't wonder at the lack of novelty in the English 'alls when you consider the audiences. I see the same people doing and saying precisely the same things that they did and said last year, with the same effect. I admire loyalty, but in London it is a positive disease. You feel like suggesting some remedy. People should take something for it. It interferes with progress. It is an obstacle in the way of improvement. Last night at the Pavilion Dan Leno received an ovation—absolutely an ovation—for that old chestnut history of the gentleman whose wife was going out of town.

To me the most interesting artist on to-day's variety stage is Vesta Tilley. She has a few new songs, and she intends to bring them to America. "I Took My Aunt Matilda 'Round the Town" is one of them, and "The Millionaire" is another. Tilly still warbles "The Piccadilly Johnnie with the Little Glass Eye." That ditty has been done in New York, but you will appreciate Vesta in it just the same. Her work is as deliciously refined and as piquantly unique as ever. She is a great favorite in London, but she "goes" better at the Tivoli, where the audience is cultured and fastidious, than she does at the Pavilion, where they adore Dan Leno. New Yorkers are very fond of flocking to see saucy lydies whom they cannot understand. Allow me to suggest a little boom for Vesta Tilley. She is the one artist who is worth it, for she is an artist in every sense of the word.

Amann, the "facial mimic," is doing a series of patriotic imitations at the Pavilion, and very irritating they are. He wound up a list that included Napoleon, Bismarck, Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Salisbury and the Prince of Wales, by posing in costume as the Queen. It was screamingly funny and freakish—so ridiculous, in fact, that it fell flat with the audience. Even the Londoners couldn't wax enthusiastic at a sort of boiled picture of the Queen presented by a man.

At the London 'alls they are still imitating Fregoli. Odd as it may seem, Fregoli's influence seems to have started an epoch. Variety people are mad on the subject of quick change. If Fregoli had waited to appear in New York until he had conquered London, his vogue would have been far greater in America. Arthur Roberts, of whom I have already written, has a new "protean absurdity" at the Empire, called "The Cruise of the Saucy Puss." It is Fregolian, and Roberts impersonates six people. No performer in London has developed so irritating a quality as Roberts. I used to like him when he was a little less sure of himself. Now that he is absolutely certain he is exasperatingly dull and intricate. I would sooner have Dan Leno any day, and, as you know, I never worshipped at that gentleman's shrine.

By the way, before I forget it, I must tell you of an artist I saw at the Marylebone Palace of Varieties, a tiny little place, the most expensive seats at which are twenty-five cents. Her name is Amy Height, and she is colored. No New York manager would for a moment think of allowing a tinted artist to do a solitary turn, but let me tell you that Amy Height is a wonderfully clever woman. She sang "The Dandy Colored Coon" as I have never heard it sung. She can act as vivaciously as a Theo, or a Judic, and her airs and graces were most amusing. So interested was I in this woman that I took the trouble to make inquiries about her. I discovered that she was born in England, and has never been in America. Probably she will never cross the Atlantic, but I tell you about her just the same. It was awfully droll to hear a colored woman singing a Victorian song. Miss Height, in a white gown, cut "saucy 'round the scrag"—as Chevalier would say—sang "God, Save the Queen" with great gusto, and rattled off a most laudatory ode to Her Majesty. It was patriotism turned coffee-colored, I liked it because it was new and eccentric.

At the Royal, in Holborn, I heard Lottie Gilson in much better voice than she usually sports in New York. Miss Gilson would become a great London favorite if she stayed here. At the Royal they had already begun to join in the chorus of her songs. And when Londoners trickle into the choruses half the battle is won. I was always one of Lottie's admirers, and I felt quite certain that London would like her. They advertise her as "the little magnet." At this hall I saw a convulsingly humorous, "historical and romantic diamond jubilee production" called "Victoria's Dream." It was involuntarily funny, of course. The Queen was impersonated by Miss Dora Langlois, a chubby young woman with a poached egg expression in her eyes. One scene represented the tapestry chamber in Kensington Palace on the night of June 19, 1837, and Miss Langlois, in a nightie, with her hair tousled and loose, appeared to learn that she was Queen. How I laughed! Such a Victoria! I am quite sure that if Her Majesty sued the Royal for libel she could recover damages. "Victoria's Dream" was a nightmare. It took up a great deal of valuable time, which seems to be the object of the ballets and sketches in London. These affairs defraud you of your variety show, for which you have paid out your good money. A troupe of fourteen Bedouin Arabs was perhaps the best feature I saw at the Royal.

At the Palace Anna Held is still the main attraction. They are remarkably fond of Anna in London, and she holds a place of honor on the programme. Poor old Bill Hoey's counterfeit presentment is dragged on during the song, "I have such a nice little way with me." Lottie Collins sang "The Little Widow," "A Bicycle Marriage" and "Fancy Me" at this house. Miss Collins begins to look very matronly and unskittish, although she does a good deal of athletic work in "The Little Widow."

At the Empire they have a brand-new ballet called "Under One Flag," "arranged and produced" by Mme. Katti Lanner. It is very Victorian, and the apotheosis shows you the Queen, in white, sitting most uncomfortably in an electric heart, while all around are grouped colonial ladies in highly tinted costumes. It is a pretty ballet, but really the jubilious subject is beginning to pall. Persistent doses of Victoria have given rise to indigestion. And they are so uncomfortable! Just as you are nicely and sedately seated you are expected to jump to your feet at the first mention of the Queen, and stay thereon until it is over.

Yes, the London 'alls are provokingly Victorian. There is nothing in them for New Yorkers. American managers must look at home for talent. There are no more stars to be lured away. There are no novelties to pinnacle in advance. This should be a good year for American performers. They will have little competition.

Airy Shows for Hot Weather.

IT seems to have taken a little time for the public to get accustomed to the change from cold weather to warm weather amusement. The excessive heat of last week did the business, however.

Every manager is straining every nerve to give the best show he can, and all are doing good business.

The "pop" concerts at the Madison Square Garden roof have proven a drawing card under the directorship of Mr. Neuendorff.

Tony Pastor's new burlesque, "The Black Man from Montana," is taking well. His list of performers includes Maud Nugent, Thomas and Quinn, comedians, and the banjo Paderewski, Al Reeves. The two sketches, "An Agreeable Surprise" and "My Friend from Indiana," were good.

"The Whirl of the Town," at the Casino, is the sole survivor of the gay indoor season just closed. The roof gardeners who have sought a change from the starlight vaudeville have found there fun and frolic, with a surprise now and then, enough to warrant repeated visits. There is nothing tame in the work of Hugh Morton, and the music of Gus Kerker fits it.

The vaudeville on the Casino roof was an entire change from the previous week, with the exception of the ballet and the burlesque "A Night at the Opera," which ends this week. Miss Calhoun is another recruit from the legitimate opera. A score of specialists enliven the programme.

This week a large portion of the curio halls in Huber's Museum, in East Fourteenth street, are devoted to mechanical appliances. Professor Horndorfer shows in operation more than sixty model engines. The Lester-Franklyn Company gave an excellent production of "Chain Lightning." Welch and William, the Appleton brothers, Carter and Governo and Harry S. Marion are in the vaudeville company.

Koster & Bial's roof garden entertainment is of the best. The Rogers brothers continue, as do the dancers, Misses Reynolds and Gilson. Craig, the boneless wonder, and Mardo, the juggler, are attractions.

At Keith's, Ezra Kendall, a recruit from the star ranks, did monologue; Laura Biggar and Burt Haverly appeared in a lively little skit, and Conroy and McDonald and Reno and Richards made the people laugh.

At Proctor's there is to be found this week an original show of excellence. The push-ball players give a lively contest, the Knonemann brothers continue to make athletics laughable, and Miss Beatrice Goldie sings. Ben Harvey, the coon-song composer, found favor.

The Olympia Roof Garden attracts the sweltering thousands, and holds them. Kara continues this week, while the Dunbar sisters and James Thornton help to make folks laugh. The Romaldo brothers' head-balancing act is good, and Herr Grais, with his baboon and donkey, is seen for the last time in America this week. Among the newcomers are Miss Annie Floyd, Titani and Haines and Pettinglil.

The beaches are running the town vaudevilles a hard race. The new amusement hall at Brighton offers a pleasing programme, including Sweatnam, Vera King, Lavar and Aimee, and others of note.

Midland Beach opened last night on Staten Island, and "Gayest Manhattan" was well rendered. Midland Beach is near New Dorp.

Manhattan Beach, with Sousa's concerts, Pain's fireworks and De Wolf Hopper in "El Capitan," continues to draw thousands. There will be several changes in the specialty performances introduced into the Graeco-Turkish war spectacle in Pain's open air theatre this evening in Manhattan Beach. There will be no chorus, but in its place there will be a comic ballet, and instead of the Arabian troupe of tumblers there will be a band of acrobats.

A floating roof garden is something unique, and the steamer Grand Republic offers a vaudeville of some excellence as it sails through the Narrows and back.

The Night Branch.

[Washington Post.]

Experience is a great teacher, putting in twenty-four hours per day. A great many men prefer to attend the night branch of the school.

The Difference.

[Detroit Tribune.]

But Mr. Hanna's waiting for prosperity is done on three meals a day.

Prosperity.

[Detroit News.]

[illegible]t is now proposed to give the Ohio miners [illegible]sperity by injunction.

Howells's Serial. Other Literature.

ONE is easily interested in "The Story of a Play," Mr. Howells's Scribner serial, and the July instalment is likely to be read with breathless interest. The wife of the young dramatist is very jealous of the woman with the "smouldering eyes," who has now, by one of those strange chances that occur so frequently in fiction, taken a flat directly under their own. She does not want her to enact the principal feminine part in her husband's play, which is not at all strange when we take into consideration the fact that their married life has reached one of those stages of unrest and disquiet which occur not long after the honeymoon. Young married women do not generally admire actresses with "smouldering" eyes who live conveniently near them, and Mrs. Maxwell is in this, as in many other particulars, a fair type of her sex. She has certain emotional tendencies which inspire Mr. Howells to pen the following sentence, which is distinctly good:

"Maxwell stood looking at his wife with the cold disgust which hysterics are apt to inspire in men after they have seen them more than once."

In the same chapter, however, the author is not nearly so happy in his description of an evening at the Players' Club. He says: "The actors were coming from the theatres for supper, and Maxwell found himself with his friends in a group with a charming old comedian, who was telling brief, vivid little stories and sketching character, with illustrations from his delightful art. * * * Two or three other elderly actors who sat around them and took their turn in anecdote and mimicry, looked, with their smooth shaven faces, like old-fashioned ministers. Godolphin, who was like a youthful priest, began to tell stories, too."

This is altogether too much like a picture of the Players' Club that was once published in Harper's Weekly, and when we remember that "Godolphin" is an actor who has just "busted" on the road, we find it difficult to believe that he looks very much like a young priest. Nevertheless, the story is an interesting one, and one really wants to know what becomes of the play and the dramatist's wife and the woman with the smouldering eyes, and interest is awakened in the hero himself.

The leading article in the July Cosmopolitan indicates a decided lack of judgment and good taste on the part of Mr. Walker. It is called "The Horrors of the Plague in India," and it is from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by photographs which convey a vivid idea of the ravages of the pestilence in the far East. The accuracy of Mr. Hawthone's statements is not questioned, or the genuineness of the pictures, but the whole does not make good light Summer reading. If the plague were at our very doors the newspapers would tell the story of the destruction that it had wrought, but as it is in India, a country which does not interest Americans in the slightest degree, it is difficult to see why Mr. Walker should take the trouble to show us the picture of "the corpse of a woman showing buboes on the neck," or a group of skeletons of the kind seldom seen except in nightmares.

To those lachrymose individuals who have battened upon Ian Maclaren's dying Scotchmen a little story by William Allen White in the current number of McClure's Magazine is cheerfully recommended, not because of any similarity between the two writers, but because of their utter unlikeness. Mr. Maclaren clutches his fingers round his readers' heart strings—or whatever answers to their sensibilities—and pulls, with a vicious joy in the amount of tears he can produce. Mr. White tells a simple story with simplicity, and with absolute fidelity to truth. But the tears are there, just the same. If a finer bit of realism or real pathos than this little story of "Bud" Perkins, his grief over his father's death, and of his comforter, "Piggy" Pennington, has been published lately it has escaped our notice.

The latest production of that gifted misanthrope, "Ouida," is not found to be in any way different from all those that have gone before, except, perhaps, a less sensuous treatment of some of her usual situations. In "The Massarenes"—R. Fenno & Co., New York, publishers—there is the same beautiful and titled woman who enacts the role of chief villain, the guardsman, the pretty boys in the siren's train, and all the other puppets with whom Ouida's readers are so familiar, even to the virtuous and intellectual heroine, with beautiful feet. In "The Massarenes" Ouida tells her story with her usual charm, and she cleverly portrays the mercenary spirit that dominates society in London, as well as in New York, at the present day. But it is not of this that we desire to speak, but rather of some of the deliciously funny ideas of that America which she hates which this author presents.

"Blizzard Bill" Massarene, an Irishman "from Kilrathy," has returned to England after making his pile in Dakota; Ouida makes him say:

"How they dawdle over matters (elections) here! In Dakota I'd just have run in thirty thousand miners and the trick 'd been done." He almost for an instant regretted that he had forsaken the congenial country of Mugwumps and roorbacks, where the ten-dollar bill could satisfactorily circulate and settle everything, as the power of the purse should do.

Shades of Larry Godkin!

"To be sure," she says, "there was the drawback of his accent, which was at once plebeian and Yankee, but of this he was himself unconscious," which is not to be wondered at under the circumstances—an Irishman who had spent his time in Dakota.

"The States, yes—Dakota. Oh, Lord! The food served all higgledy-piggledy, sour and sweet all running amuck; the trains a-peering in at your sixth floor window; the men hanging on to hooks in the crowd of the cars; the spittle all over the place; the rush and the crush and the pother never still." Ouida has placed New York in Dakota in "The Massarenes."

A serious perusal of Ouida's books is warranted to leave a dark brown taste in the mouth, and aside from its clever style and its unconscious humor, "The Massarenes" is not an exception to this dictum.

Lament of a Lazy Man.

[Atchison Globe.]

This is the season of the year when we would rather have the moth eat up all the woollen goods in the house than go downtown in the sun for camphor balls.

Where It Caught Him.

[Washington Post.]

That miners' strike catches Mr. Hanna between second and third bases just at a time when he is weak in his coaching department.